

## Gloria Mindock – Five Poems



### Feature Poet

#### My Last Moments

In hiding. Blending in with the walls.  
Complete darkness, no panic.  
Night explosions ruining my solitude.

One blast after another.  
The doves are in the trash.  
I wanted a life but have none.  
No shoes or a place to go.  
I sit and entertain myself.  
Sneaking a peak out the window.

I dream of a beautiful breeze touching  
my face. The moon giving me comfort.  
All I hear, are heavy boots coming for me.

When I was a little girl, I thought the world was  
a beautiful place. I was wrong.  
I can smell the stench of dead bodies.  
Soon, I will be among them.

Aren't we all waiting for the slaughter?  
We are animals, sharp teeth baring...  
There is no Eden only this godforsaken place.  
Lives destroyed. Mine destroyed, thrown away.  
We all are thrown away, bodies with  
hearts cut out by the enemy, rotting in a pile,  
mangled.

## **Gone**

The rain hits my skin  
washing away my heart.  
Down the street it floats,  
finally going down the sewer drain.

It is still beating as it stays afloat,  
doesn't drown.  
See no matter how you hoped,  
I still survive.

Years ago, things were nice between us.  
Now that I am gone,  
I make my own formations in the air.  
To this day, I do not miss you.

In the distance, you stay motionless.  
I kept your secrets but now remember  
none of them.

Going about my life, I am not mournful.  
I go with new love,  
tenderly,  
we look after one another  
dissolving each other into our mouths.

## **Dreams**

The light clings to the glass reflecting your eyes.  
Is it too late to close them? See darkness for awhile...  
There is no map to help on where to go.  
Life passes quickly like a parade.  
Music weaves in and out. A gift in this existence.  
It plays while spectators clap and cheer.  
No matter what happens, the moonlight is calm.  
Gives you a touch of flight.

Hold on to your dreams.  
You can unwrap them any time.  
Look outside and they are in the breeze,  
floating in the air, wanting to fall into  
your breath nightly.

## Disloyalty

Disloyalty came easy—  
an inherited present.  
The family deputizing the  
body with abandonment.  
Thoughts of love, dead.

Hands, now terminal.  
Grabbing on to something but nothing is there.  
Eyes refrain from looking into the sky.

It is no use, existence is  
beyond light. crawling on an  
endless merry-go-round.

## Birds

All birds fly. Beautifully...  
My eyes watch them every morning at 5:30.  
What eternal secrets can they share?

When evening arrives, I leave my tears.  
In the morning, they are picked up by the birds.  
They carry my thoughts into the air,  
flapping their wings as if to explain to the world  
what I gave them. Trying to tell my story.

There is no way for them to form words. Still they communicate.

One day, five landed on my arm trying to tell me something.  
Then, flew away into the clouds.  
There is no line between us.  
Only an understanding that we all must  
share a branch, perch ...

The birds gave me their song, and kept  
my bleeding for the infinite

**Gloria Mindock** is editor of Cervena Barva Press. She is the author of five books of poetry and her 6<sup>th</sup> book called, "Ash" is forthcoming by Glass Lyre Press. She has been translated and published into 11 languages. Recently, Gloria was published in *spoKe*, *Pratik: A Magazine of Contemporary Writing*, and *Constellations: A Journal of Poetry and Fiction*. She has work forthcoming in *Gargoyle*. Gloria has been awarded the Ibbetson Street Press Lifetime Achievement Award and was the recipient of the Allen Ginsberg Award for Community Service by the Newton Writing and Publishing Center. She also received the fifth and fortieth Moon Prize from *Writing in a Woman's Voice*. She was the Poet Laureate in Somerville, MA in 2017 & 2018.